

Xmas poem 2016 , This was the year that was

So Xmas has come round again, its time to say my piece,
Now all of you have eaten, wasn't it a tasty feast,
Chef de shed real top class, sometimes wears a hat
And the cooks that do the barbies, no wonder we're so fat.

I'll remind you of the things, that went on in the shed,
The jobs we did, good times shared, all prove that we're not dead,
We shared a joke, and had a laugh, made someone else's day,
It made us feel good, (as we should), and kept old age at bay.

The project board was always full. We had no time to talk,
It never did get shorter, until someone hid the chalk,
But then "Ho Ho" me hearties, for the kids we built a boat,
Were so upset, when a young kid said, " Mister, it won't float"

The garden seat a mammoth task, you just would not believe,
Went halfway round the roundabout, then all around the trees,
It should be up in Canberra, that would really be a treat,
We'd label it " The men's shed", our own Parliamentary Seat

And with it send the chopping block, the effect would be profound,
With half the useless heads up there, just littering the ground.
Repaired some chairs, fixed up some seats, it didn't take much nous,
But ended up we had more seats, than Sydney Opera House.

Nesting boxes filled the shed, we'd make money for our books,
Even Steggles couldn't fill them, they'd not that many chooks.
The Flag pole took six men to lift, my God it was a drag,
Then we had two hours instruction, on how to fold the flag.

It wasn't there on Open day, it really should have been,
Every dignitary was there, but we really missed the Queen.
And now we have our new shed sign, a stainless one at that,
So Bull dust will not stick to it, it slides off onto your hat.

Had troubles in the kitchen, with water to the door,
Left Mr & Mrs Treasurer, to clean up all the floor,
The cluster meet a real success, we made our mark indeed,
Shedders came from miles around, I think they came for the feed.

Now this is not our AGM, there's too many people here,
But all are welcome in **our** shed, there's nothing there to fear,
You can wander in, then wander out, you've time to stand, or shout,
Come in and make a coffee, see what "your shed" is all about.

And now its nearly Xmas, and as this year nearly ends,
My sincere wish is, that you spend, the season among friends.